

Around the World For You

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Around the World For You

by [hendollana](#)

Summary

But now Dream is scrolling aimlessly through a random British village, because George had insisted they do the UK GeoGuessr map and how could Dream say no when he asked so nicely.

“This is pretty,” George says as they scroll past a cottage with moss growing up the side.

‘You’re pretty’ rests on the top of Dream’s tongue, dying to push its way out but Dream swallows it down, refocuses on the game.

—
or, five times Dream fell in love with George whilst playing GeoGuessr and one time he told the world.

Notes

geoguessr brainrot goes brrrr . Pls enjoy <3333

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Dream plays GeoGuessr by himself, in the beginning, before George, before everything.

He’d seen some people playing it in his YouTube recommendations, people trying to beat world records and get the most points possible in a certain amount of time and had been instantly curious.

Dream didn't really think he'd get super into it, but he blames his naturally competitive nature for the hours of time he puts into the game, suddenly fueled by the need to learn every little trick and tip about GeoGuessr, memorise every type of number plate and domain URL. It's *fun* to see all these beautiful countries through the lens of a Google van, and if Dream's ego is boosted along the way as he gets better, well, that's just a bonus.

He's in a call with George, Dream always finds himself in a call with the older boy, when George first asks if they can play together.

“Dream?”

“Mhm,” Dream murmurs in acknowledgment, lifting his gaze from picking the skin lining his cuticles to where a Discord call with George lays open.

“Is GeoGuessr any fun?”

“Yeah,” Dream laughs, eyes lighting up a little at the chance to talk about one of his favourite things with one of his favourite people, “I think you'd probably like it, George, or you'd be good at it anyway and then that helps me out.”

George lets out a breathy laugh too, and it's times like this that Dream wishes they weren't separated by miles of ocean.

“Can I play,” George starts, sounding a bit nervous, “or, can we play together?”

Dream can't stop the way his lips tug upwards, smiling at a blank computer screen, imagining George on the other side smiling right back at him as he fiddles with the sleeves of his hoodie, a habit Dream noticed immediately.

“Yeah, of course,” Dream replies, already opening up a new tab and searching for GeoGuessr.

“Yay,” George says softly, he sounds a bit sleepy too and Dream wonders if they were next to each other, would George lean gently into his side, rest his head on Dream's shoulder as Dream talks him through the game.

Those are dangerous thoughts though, ones Dream only allows himself to have in the quiet, dark spaces during the night when he's tired of putting up a front during the day, lets himself feel, lets himself imagine George pressed into his chest, quiet breaths as they sleep.

Dream isn't allowed those sort of thoughts right now.

“Want me to screenshare?”

“Yeah, that's fine by me,” George replies, Dream wonders if he'd have agreed even if it wasn't, “you can teach me how to play.”

Dream snorts, dragging his mouse onto his second monitor so he can screen share directly to George, a familiar routine, “Okay, calm down, I'm not even that good.”

“I doubt that,” George muses, and Dream can hear shuffling through his headphones, pictures George moving about on his chair to get comfy, “you're good at everything you get super into, and you've been playing it so much lately, I was starting to think you'd abandoned me for a geography game.”

Dream's heart plummets to his stomach, falls down and aches along the way, devastated that

George had even jokingly thought for a second that Dream would rather play a new game than talk to him. He feels the sudden urge to make sure George knows, even though Dream knows the boy had mostly been joking.

“Never,” Dream whispers, a bit too less like a reassurance and too much like a promise, “sorry, George, you know that I’d never ignore you on purpose.”

“Oh,” George breathes out. Dream wishes they had video on so he could see if pink dusts George’s cheeks and the bridge of his nose, “I didn’t mean it really, I know you wouldn’t actually, I just, yeah.”

Dream wants to say more, wants to tell George that he knows this is George’s way of trying to tell him he missed him, that he’s missed George too, wants to let George know that their hours long calls are always the best part of the day, that just hearing George say his name through giggles makes Dream’s body warm.

He doesn’t though, can’t, not yet, not now.

“I know,” Dream does say, pitching his voice down low and soothing, only ever in use for George, “just thought I’d remind you.”

George laughs a little, a quiet, beautiful thing, and Dream knows it’s only going to get harder to keep thoughts of whispering sweet nothings into George’s skin to night time, knows they’ll start creeping into his mind more and more until it feels like four in the morning the whole day.

“You’re silly,” George says, voice fond. Dream can’t read into it. “What mode are we playing?”

“Whatever you want,”

“No,” George replies, voice taking that slightly whiny tone that makes Dream dig his nails into his palms, “you choose.”

“Oh?” Dream chuckles, fingers soothing over the crescent moons pressed into his skin, “and why do you want me to choose?”

“Dream,” George whines, and now Dream is glad they don’t have video on, wouldn’t be able to stop the way his eyes track George’s every movement, “you’ve played before, I haven’t, so you pick.”

Dream hums in agreement, mouse hovering the play button for the world mode, “Okay, if you’re *sure* you want me to choose for you?”

Dream thinks he’s probably pushing his luck here, picking up a bit too much on the way that George likes it when Dream makes decisions for him, definitely reading more into it than he should be. But it’s scarily easy to at times like this, when the intimacy of a late night call feels too much like laying next to each other in bed, when Dream forgets about the walls he’s built around his feelings for George.

“Yes, I’m sure,” George says, sounding a bit embarrassed. Dream knows he’ll be blushing, pressing his warm cheek into a sweater paw, and the image almost pains him.

Dream smiles a little to himself as he clicks play, hopes George is smiling right back as the game loads up on a desolate dirt track road surrounded by hills, and Dream laughs giddily when George lets out a confused groan.

“How the fuck am I meant to know where this is?”

“Skill,” Dream snickers, scanning the screen for any signs, “You have to look for things that are specific to certain countries, so like, number plates or sometimes you can just tell where it is by the way the land looks, or whatever.”

George hums, “Okay, you can move about right? Go up the road?”

“Yeah,” Dream replies, knows he sounds too fond, “Want me to go up?”

“Please,”

Dream’s scrolling his mouse up the road before George has even finished his sentence, already knew that he would have gone in any direction he had asked. Anything for George.

Up the road is more of nothing, more dirt being kicked up on the sides of the camera by tyres of a van and more rolling green hills but maybe worst of all is the way George keeps letting out little sighs every time Dream moves the mouse more and George still doesn’t recognise anything.

Dream hates that he finds himself wishing he could press a kiss onto George’s soft, pink lips every time he sighs, wishes he could run his finger along his bottom lip until they’ve both forgotten that Dream is supposed to be teaching George how to play GeoGuessr, wishes that he could call George his.

Hates most of all that he’s having this horrid realisation whilst George is asking him over call if they can choose another location, because this one is just *too* hard. Dream supposes thoughts can only be kept in the quiet of the moon for so long.

Dream knows that they won’t go away any time soon, especially as he refreshes the game and grins when George immediately recognises a British number plate, knows that his feelings for George will only grow.

George is the one to suggest they play it on a stream together, a few weeks after Dream had first played GeoGuessr with him.

In a way, Dream doesn’t want to share it with thousands of other people. He feels a bit selfish, but he thinks that playing GeoGuessr together is kind of his and George’s *thing*.

Dream knows he can’t tell George this, can’t let George know that honestly Dream doesn’t really want to stream GeoGuessr with him because he prefers when they stay up late into the night playfully arguing about what flag is which, can’t tell George he doesn’t know if he can hide the fondness that coats his voice like honey when he congratulates George for winning a battle royale.

George sounds so excited though, rambling to Dream about the new alt Twitch account he’s made so he can just chill stream and not stress over main content oblivious to the way Dream is sat, leaning his chin on his hand as he listens intently, ready to move worlds for George.

So, Dream agrees and before he knows it he’s in the middle of a GeoGuessr battle royale in front of fifty thousand people trying his hardest to seem not half in love with George.

He reckons he’s failing, because Dream can’t stop the way his voice naturally tones down when talking to George, soft in a way he isn’t with others, in a way he knows people pick up on.

It's hard not to now though, because once Dream had let one thought of George in his arms slip into his mind when the sun was shining, they had all come following through, consuming every call he's had with George since.

Dream's never loved pretend games, and talking with George is becoming more like one every day.

The word friend had never left a pit in his stomach before, but now every time George giggles as he gets a correct answer it grows, making its way up to Dream's heart until it aches, paying more attention to pretending it doesn't than he is to working out what random country they're in.

Dream doesn't think he's any good at playing pretend either.

"The domain names are OP," George says, and Dream thinks it's credit to the older on how quickly he had picked up on the game.

"Yeah," Dream agrees, fiddling with a coin on his desk, "we're getting easy countries though."

George laughs, that small breathy one that Dream wants to hear under the warmth of his sheets, "Are you saying I'm not just epic at the game?"

"That too," Dream concedes, would lie about it if it meant praising George just a little, "we do make a pretty good team."

"Yeah, we do," George says softly, and Dream forgets for just a moment that they're even on stream. George hasn't got donos on, can't yet with his new Twitch, and it makes it seem far more personal than a stream should, makes Dream feel as if they're just playing the two of them, their usual bedtime routine.

Dream wonders if anyone watching picks up on it, wonders if their audience can tell that they're barely acting differently for stream, that they've fallen into a comfortable familiarity of late night calls and quiet conversation. Dream thinks they probably can.

Pretending is hard, it's hard to not want to coo softly when George's cat comes into his room, it's even more hard to pretend Dream doesn't wish he was there with him, George curled up on his lap and Cat curled up in George's, all things right in the world.

"Cat's here," George laughs. Dream wants to be the cause of that sound every day, "he's like, playing with a paper bag or something."

Dream's heart clenches, coin in his hand tight around his fingers as he imagines George reaching down to pick up Cat, soft fur in soft hands that Dream wants to hold in his own, imagines being there with them instead of staring at George's Discord screen share and *longing*.

Dream laughs, too fond for friendship, "I can't even hear him."

"Oh my god, stop," George says, giggling a bit, and Dream can almost picture him muting his giggles in the sleeve of whatever oversized hoodie he's pulled on today, "Dream, help, do something."

"Uh, this looks," Dream starts, ignoring the way George asks him for help, ignoring how badly he would do anything to help him, "this looks very dry, *very* dry."

George is still giggling quietly, little noises as he scrolls through the road they're on and Dream puts all his energy onto focusing on getting them to the next round of the game instead of how

pretty George would sound laughing against his chest, Dream's hand softly stroking his hair as they play GeoGuessr together.

Dream thinks he's probably letting far too many thoughts creep into his mind during daylight, but how can he not? How can Dream not want more when George wants to spend hours with him streaming, ignoring everything else going on in their lives as their laughs merge together, how can he not wish for just that little bit extra, selfishly want George to be all his, their moments together just for *them*.

"Stop," George says again, and this time Dream can hear the rustling of fabric, "Please, stop, he's like *attacking*."

The whole situation is so endearing that Dream wants to scream, wants to tell George that he's the cutest and loveliest person Dream has ever had the pleasure of knowing and it *kills* him that they're not anymore than friends, positively hurts him that Dream falls more and more every time they play this stupid fucking game together, wants to let George know that his happiness and Dream's own seem more like one in the same nowadays.

Instead, Dream begins obviously fake annoyance as George guesses the wrong country, hopes he's done a good job at hiding the way he couldn't care less how the game is going as long as he's spending time with George.

They get bored of GeoGuessr eventually, move onto George messing about in a new Minecraft world, doing that thing where he jumps using blocks and ruins an entire landscape, leaving his own little mark on the world, and Dream feels a bit ill at himself for being able to romanticize everything George does.

They end the stream not long after that, but it's been almost six hours since they first started streaming and Dream thinks about how time seems to fly when it's with someone you're half in love with.

Dream thinks they play GeoGuessr together because it's simple, because it's simple like their relationship is, was, might not be for much longer if Dream keeps allowing himself to stare at the curve of George's nose, or the up turn of his lips.

It's one in the morning, and they're playing GeoGuessr, but they've got video on this time, they had been FaceTiming earlier so George could show Dream around his new apartment, gushing over how nice the bathroom is, and Dream had done nothing coo out soft 'ahs' and feel his whole body warm at the way George smiled to him whilst leaning out the balcony.

Then George had suggested switching to video call on Discord, a sleepy murmur about it feeling more like they're actually together in person when they're on video instead of just audio, and Dream had sucked in a breath and resisted the urge to run his thumb along his phone screen, pretending he's pressed up against George's cheek.

Dream is screen sharing this time, George had whined a little about being too tired to set it up himself, probably knows that all he has to do to get Dream to do whatever he likes is just pitch his voice a little higher and look up at Dream through a camera lense, knows he has Dream wrapped around his little finger.

It's confusing, sometimes, the way they act around each other. Because Dream doesn't know what's a joke and what's not a joke for George, doesn't know if George knows that none of it is a

joke for Dream anymore. It's confusing because they've always flirted, always toed the line of what's platonic and what's not, and it had been fine at first, when Dream had locked away any thoughts of more in a box only opened under the stars.

But now Dream is scrolling aimlessly through a random British village, because George had insisted they do the UK GeoGuessr map and how could Dream say no when he asked so nicely, watching the way George's eyes track his screen, bottom lip pulled between his teeth in concentration and Dream *wants*.

"This is pretty," George says as they scroll past a cottage with moss growing up the side, "It's like my house on the SMP."

'You're pretty' rests on the top of Dream's tongue, dying to push its way out but Dream swallows it down, refocuses on the game instead of the way George's hair has started to curl around his ears.

"Yeah," Dream replies, definitely not picturing their life there together, "but where is it?"

"Um, north, probably,"

Dream laughs, hand scratching lightly on his chin, "helpful, Georgie."

George scoffs, throwing his hands up in the air in defence, sleeves of his hoodie rolling down to reveal his wrists, wrists that Dream has had too many thoughts about, thoughts of pressing kisses to them, running his thumb along bright blue veins, pinning them to-

No, Dream thinks, not right now.

"I don't know, like Manchester," George shrugs, pulling his sleeves back over his fingers, "you don't know where it is either, Dream."

"Yeah, but I don't live in the country,"

"And I've not left London in like, a year, there's a pandemic on," George grins, they're barely even paying attention to the game anymore, instead George's gaze is on Dream, "you should know that, Mr. Covid warrior."

Dream barks out a laugh, head tipping back and hair fanning out as he does, "And I've barely left my house all year,"

George is laughing too, head tipped to the side to rest on his shoulder because it's late, early for George, and they should both really be asleep, but instead Dream is admiring the way the morning light streaming out of George's half open curtains makes his hair shine like he's an angel.

"Just guess in between Manchester and Liverpool, we can't be too far off,"

Dream nods, hand moving his mouse to click on exactly in between the two cities George had told him too. They are far off, it turns out.

"George," Dream laughs, when the map shows the actual location as Northern Scotland, "you're so shit at this game."

"Hey!" George exclaims, cheeks a bit pink from laughter and sleepiness and Dream wants to press soft kisses onto them, stroke George's hair as he does, "I've never even been to Scotland, don't blame me."

“Hm,” Dream murmurs, smiling as he clicks onto the next location, and he can immediately tell it’s London from the way George lets out a happy gasp.

“No way,” George smiles, eyes lighting up, “that’s literally right by my new flat.”

“Fuck yeah, good points for us then,” Dream says back, admiring the way George is doing that soft, gentle smile.

“No, for real, like the Co-Op is just down that road,” George grins, moving his hands to point in that direction on his monitor, “go, see, down there, yeah and then to your right, oh my god, that’s literally where I do my shopping.”

Dream wonders how George has managed to make Dream fall just that bit more in love by asking Dream to move around in GeoGuessr, showing off places he knows, wonders if George knows just how endearing he is as he points out locations to Dream, muses about walking down those streets.

“And that’s, yeah, just go up a bit more, past the big glass building,” George instructs, focus on his screen whilst Dream’s is on the way George is smiling, “right there, that’s this cute little bakery right around the corner, they have the best pastries ever.”

“Yeah?” Dream says softly, fondly, far too in love, “you go there often?”

“Sometimes,” George answers, bringing a pale hand up to ruffle his own hair, brush it out of his eyes, “it’s like, right by my flat, it’s so weird seeing it all on GeoGuessr though.”

“I can imagine,” Dream smiles, not that he’s paid much attention to George’s mini tour of London, was too busy being entranced by how animated George gets when he’s excited.

“We could go,”

“Huh?”

“If you ever came to visit me, or,” George says, shyly, avoiding Dream’s gaze through their screens, “or, if we came back to London together after I move to America.”

“Oh,” Dream says dumbly. He knows eventually George is going to move in with him and Sapnap, they’ve talked and dreamed about it enough, but hearing it come out of George’s mouth still feels weird, forgien, a concept too good to come true.

“I mean, if you want, of course,” George rushes, misunderstanding Dream’s silence, “I just thought, I don’t know, you might not even want to come to London or whatever, but they are good pastries, um, French ones and all that shit.”

Dream knows he’s smiling like an idiot, can tell by the way George’s own lips are curving up a little in response, “George, of course I wanna visit where you grew up, of course I do.”

George smiles a bit, ducking his head down to hide his face, and Dream thinks he’s the most beautiful person in the world, thinks he’d walk the whole of London if it meant George would smile and laugh and swing their hands together between them as they strolled along the Thames.

George smiles, and Dream wants to tell him he loves him.

Dream Isn’t even really into GeoGuessr anymore, but George is and Dream’s into George, so he

finds himself staying up for hours playing the game with George, just so he can hear his voice, just so he can take any attention from George that he's given.

In a way, it makes sense that Dream unlocks the box in his mind titled 'Feelings For George. Do Not Enter" whilst they play the stupid game.

They've got video on again, Dream finds that they seem to have video on a lot more often lately, finds it a blessing and a curse when George asks if they can, finds it impossible to say no.

George looks as beautiful as ever, he's finally put up his LED lights in his new bedroom and they're on a soft pink that makes George's skin glow, makes Dream need to kiss him until he can't breathe, and to make matters worse he's wearing the black Dream hoodie and from the minute they start the call, Dream knows he's in trouble.

Dream's spent the past two weeks in trouble, really. Thinking of nothing but George, George in his arms, George pressing a kiss to his nose, George gasping underneath him, George sitting on his lap, cuddled up in a blanket as they play GeoGuessr, just *George*.

"We're definitely in Europe," Said boy speaks up, jolting Dream out of his thoughts.

"Yeah, probably," Dream agrees, moving about a bit more in the map, looking for a sign they can read, "I don't know where though, maybe south, it looks warm."

George nods, "Yeah, like Spain, or Italy, I've always wanted to go to Italy."

"Really?"

"Uh huh," George says, sitting up a bit more on his chair, knees slipping down from where he'd had them pressed into his chest, "I was meant to go on a school trip, when I was like sixteen, but it got cancelled, I just think it would be super cool, all the old Roman history."

Dream smiles, imagining younger George researching about the colosseum and Roman gods, only a few years before they'd met, "We could go together,"

"You wanna go to Italy too?"

Dream doesn't, not particularly, but he knows he'd go anywhere George wants to go.

"Yeah, why not?" Dream says, stretching his arms up, thinks he's imagining it when George's eyes drop down to the sliver of his skin exposed from his shirt riding up.

"Do you not think," George says sheepishly, playing with his fingers on his desk, "that's a bit of a weird holiday for friends to go on?"

Dream turns his head to the side a little, confusion evident, "Not really, why do you?"

"Well, it's kind of uh, romantic, I guess," George breathes out, face looking more flush than usual under his lights, glancing nervously at his screen where Dream knows he'll see him staring right back.

"Huh," Dream says, supposes George is probably right, knows that just the two of them going on a holiday together to a country like Italy does teeter a bit too much into romance, "sorry, I guess it does, I didn't mean to make you uncomfortable."

"No," George stresses, hands falling down onto his desk, looking a bit frustrated, "you didn't, you

could never, I just thought, I don't know, I thought *you* might not be comfortable with that.”

Dream gives George a questioning look, isn't used to the way George looks so unsure, as if he's not sure he's saying the right things, treading the right waters and Dream doesn't know if he himself is sure where this conversation is heading.

“Why would I be?”

“Dream,” George groans, giving a half assed glare to his screen, but all it does is make Dream smile, “because people would probably think we're together, and I doubt that's something you want.”

Dream almost lets out a laugh of disbelief, wonders how George could be so far from the truth, especially when he's been doing such a shit job of pretending lately.

“Why do you think that's something I don't want?”

George breathes out a huff of frustration and Dream almost feels guilty for making George explain himself, but Dream knows he'd feel even guiltier if he was picking up on the wrong signals from George, if he suddenly confessed and all George was trying to say was that *he's* the one that doesn't want people to think they're a couple.

“Because we're not together,” George says, and maybe it's the way it almost sounds painful, or maybe it's the downcast look George has, resigned to it being that way forever, but either way, it's that moment that makes Dream decide to unlock the box in his mind.

“That's the something I don't want,” Dream says, forcing his muscles to pull his lips down so he doesn't smile too wide just yet, “I want people to think we're together, because I want us to be together.”

George is staring dumbfounded, mouth open in shock and if Dream were there with him he'd lean over to gently push his chin up, press a kiss to his forehead, let George collect his thoughts for a minute.

Dream thought he'd be more nervous, thought he'd be absolutely shit scared confessing his romantic feelings towards his best friend, but like everything else with George it just feels normal, feels like fate, feels as if it were always bound to happen.

“You do?” George says, disbelief coating his voice.

Dream scoffs, “Yeah, George, I do, I thought I made it obvious.”

George laughs, eyes scrunching up beautifully, “I mean, I thought it was all just a joke, for the fans but then, it wasn't a joke for me after a while, it isn't a joke for me anymore, I really, really like you, Dream.”

Dream thinks he's smiling wider than he ever has in his life, thinks his cheeks will hurt when he wakes up in the morning, but George is looking back at him with such fondness in his eyes, a tinge of something like love too, and Dream feels his whole world click into place.

“It's not a joke for me, it hasn't been for ages, fuck, George, I have so much to say,” Dream gushes, cheeks heating up a bit under his smile, “I really, really like you too, everything about you, even just the way you look right now, all soft and cosy and in my fucking hoodie.”

George laughs, bringing the hem off the hoodie up to his nose to sniff it, “Wish it smelt like you,”

“Fucking hell, George,” Dream groans, reveling in the way George giggles, “get to Florida as soon as possible and we can make that happen.”

“You know I’m trying to,” George says softly, a bit sad, and Dream wishes he could make it all better, shrink four thousand miles into zero.

“Yeah, I know,” Dream replies, wants to reach through his monitor and hold George’s sweater clad hands, “soon.”

“Soon,” George agrees, before shifting nervously in his seat, looking up at Dream, “um, so, you like me, I like you, what exactly are we?”

Dream smiles, soothing and calm, the next best substitute for actually pressing a kiss onto George’s lips, “Whatever you want us to be.”

Dream knows he’d take anything as long as he had a small part of George.

“I hate you for making me make all this decisions,” George says, but they both know he doesn’t mean it, “I want whatever you want.”

“Oh, come on now,” Dream says fondly, but he can’t say no to George when he’s looking at him like that, “okay, fine, I got this one for us then, I want you, I want us, in any way you’ll let me have you, I want everything, everything you want to give me and more, I just want to be the one who makes you happy, George.”

George is smiling again, hidden half into his sleeve, “Yeah, that’s what I want too, I want to be that for you.”

“You’ve always been that for me,” Dream replies, shrugging a little, “now you’re just that and more.”

“That and more.” George agrees as Dream clicks on Italy as their guess, grinning when they’re slap bang in the middle of Rome.

Dream thinks there’s no better way to return to alt streaming than a GeoGuessr stream, and George isn’t even meant to join at first but they only manage to make it thirty minutes until George sends Dream a message asking if he can join and Dream’s realised he finds it even harder to say no now that they’re dating.

It’s really no different to usual, Dream thinks, they’ve been together for a few weeks now and nothing much has changed, which kind of made Dream realise they’d already acted like a couple.

And all the things that have changed have been amazing, better than amazing, so fucking mind blowingly good that Dream feels like the luckiest man in the world to know what George looks like blissed out on his mattress, even if it is through a camera. He *knows* he’s the luckiest man in the world to be on the receiving end of George’s love, knows he’s just as lucky to be able to whisper every thought to George that he’d ever locked away in his mind.

The past few weeks have been bliss, something Dream had only ever imagined happening, and while it’s kind of the same, the same usual ten hour calls, the same usual soft tones only reserved for each other, the same smiles and merging giggles, it’s one hundred times better when he can call George his and not hide away stray thoughts of wanting to kiss George.

Dream thinks he's being pretty obvious about it on stream, knows the reputation that alt GeoGuessr streams already had before him and George even got together, and it only feels harder to play pretend now that George is in on the game with him.

"No, no, lower, closer to London," George laughs, Dream hurriedly moving his mouse down to click on South England, "yeah, there, right there."

Dream snickers at the double meaning of George's words, laughing even harder when the actual location is two hundred miles from where George had guessed, "you're such an idiot."

"Shut up," George replies, fond, "you should have known better."

"Should I have?" Dream replies, wishes they weren't on stream so he could tease George a little more.

"Yeah," George giggles, and Dream smiles softly, loving how giggly George has been tonight, loving even more that it's because of him.

"Okay, this is definitely America," Dream says, zooming in on a mailbox, "this is the twenty thousand pointer, I know it."

"Yeah, we got this, go to like, New York, Northern New York,"

Dream hums in agreement, opening up the map to guess, "It could be, it really could be," making the guess before it shows up that they're seven hundred miles away, "yeah, I was maybe gonna go lower."

"No," George groans, but Dream is smiling.

"Yeah, I was gonna go North Carolina,"

"You should just do it," George laughs, voice breathy, "you know it better than me."

"Yeah, I don't know why I listen to you," Dream laughs back, but he does, knows he'd do anything George asked, "you're not even the American one."

"I don't know!" George says, but he does too, Dream knows the older is well aware that Dream would do anything for him.

They don't need everyone watching to know that though, even though Dream is pretty sure it's easy enough to pick up on, knows he loves loud and freely, knows George is always on the receiving end of that.

Dream wonders what sort of special powers George has to have the ability to turn a quick stream into a two hour one, but maybe it's how fun everything is with him that leads to them ending after playing quizzes after GeoGuessr, happy and stated.

"That was fun," George says, voice a bit sleepy, matching Dream's own yawn, and thoughts of yawning meaning you love that person fills Dream's mind.

"It was," Dream agrees, "it's so cool that I get to stream with you, with my boyfriend."

"You're so sappy," George laughs, and Dream can almost hear the way he's blushing, "but yeah, it really is, I love it."

"Me too," Dream says softly, before smiling, "I can't believe you fucking hissed on stream

though.”

George laughs, loud and boisterous, “my bad, don’t act like you don’t like it though, freak.”

Dream rolls his eyes, even though he knows George can’t see, “not in front of ninety thousand people, idiot.”

“Want me to make it up to you?”

Dream groans, head tipping back on his chair, “you know I do, baby, video?”

“Yeah,” George says happily, and Dream feels so lucky, “you start the Spotify session.”

Being with George in person is everything Dream had ever allowed himself to imagine and more. He’d never fully understood the concept of falling asleep with the one you love in your arms until George has graced his way into Dream’s life, smiles and kisses and soft snores on his chest.

Nowadays, Dream doesn’t think he’d be able to sleep without the warm heat of George’s body pressed against his, because George insists on sleeping in one of Dream’s too large t-shirts even in the middle of summer.

George leaning up on his tippy toes to press a soft kiss to Dream’s lips in the morning feels like a personal blessing from some higher power than Dream himself, and sometimes he still can’t believe he gets to call this beautiful man who blossoms under the sunlight his.

As everything with George has, is, and always will be, it’s easy. It’s simple. It’s the most natural thing in the world to go from miles separating them to the longest their apart being when one of them solo streams, and really, that’s rare nowadays too.

Sometimes Sapnap lovingly tells them that they’re too codependent, too clingy, but Dream wouldn’t have it any other way.

They’re streaming right now, George sneakily sitting on Dream’s lap as they load up GeoGuessr for what feels like the first time in months.

Dream’s got one hand on his mouse and the other wrapped around George’s waist and he thinks if someone had told him the first time they played GeoGuessr together that they’d end up in this position, he’d have burst out laughing.

But here he is, hand warm against George’s bare skin where Dream has pushed his jumper a bit, so used to the comfort of skin on skin now, making up for months of being touch starved and not being able to hold each other.

“I barely even remember how to play,” George says, leaning back against Dream’s chest as they click on Battle Royale.

“Nor me,” Dream laughs, hand soothing small circles onto George’s skin, reveling in the way the older squirms a bit, hoping the mic doesn’t pick up the movement.

“Oh well, we can just both suck at it together,”

“At least we won’t have any lag from screen sharing it on Discord,” Dream muses, “so neither of

us can blame being shit on that.”

George scoffs, turning his head to bump into Dream’s forehead fondly, “I’ve never done that in my life, ever,”

“Oh, sure,” Dream smiles, pressing mute real quick so he can catch George’s lips in a quick kiss, smiling into it when George lets out a happy hum, hands holding onto Dream’s one still resting on his stomach.

“Love you,” George mutters, their foreheads pressed together, and Dream will never get used to hearing that, will never stop having butterflies in his stomach over it.

“Love you too,” Dream replies, just as gently, before making a show of pressing unmute, “we’ll be fine, we’re epic at GeoGuessr, remember?”

George nods in agreement, even though nobody watching can see them, and it’s all fine at first. Admittedly, Dream knows they’re kind of shit at the game now, neither of them had played it in forever, too busy wrapped in each others arms when they have spare time, but it’s still fun, everything with George is.

That’s kind of the problem, Dream supposes, because streaming with George doesn’t feel like streaming, doesn’t feel like his job, just feels like hanging out with his boyfriend, and that’s why he slips up so badly.

They’re down to the second last round when a local restaurant near their house in Florida pops up, one that Dream holds so many fond memories with, one that makes him forget they’re streaming to thousands of people.

“No way, George, that’s where I took you for our first proper date,”

George clearly doesn’t realise at first either, because he just laughs, pushing his head under Dream’s shoulder to get comfier, “Yeah! And I gave you all my avocado sushi.”

“Yeah, and then we-”

Dream feels his stomach sink when he realises, can tell the exact moment when George realises too, tense on his lap when before he had been soft and pliant and Dream has no fucking clue what to do.

He hurries to press mute, knowing it’s only making it more obvious, but George is shaking a little where Dream’s hand rests on him and Dream wants more than anything to take back the last five minutes.

“Fuck, shit, oh my god,” Dream says eloquently, hands on George’s hips to turn him around so they’re face to face, “I’m so, *so* sorry baby, fuck, I totally forgot we were streaming, I’m such a fucking idiot.”

George sighs, but not unkindly, hands reaching up to cup either side of Dream’s face, “it’s okay.”

Dream raises an eyebrow, “it’s okay? I just outed us to seventy, no fuck, over one hundred thousand people now, and you’re saying it’s okay?”

George smiles, leaning to press a kiss onto Dream’s nose, hands reaching up into Dream’s hair to twist a few stray curls around his fingers, “yeah, it’s okay, I’m okay, you’re okay, we can just roll with it, if you want?”

Dream almost wants to cry, wants to smother George in kisses until the older is screeching in laughter, wonders how he got so lucky as to have someone like George, “really? You’re sure? I can think of some lie if you want.”

“Nah,” George says lovingly, as if nothing could go wrong when he has Dream in his life, “we’ve been muted too long anyway, it’s obvious now.”

“Well, what do you want to say?”

“The truth, I guess,” George smiles, rubbing their noses together gently, “I don’t like having to hide us anyway.”

Dream sighs, pulling George’s head to the side carefully to slot their lips together, in a position that feels more familiar than his childhood home.

“You’re amazing,” Dream says when they pull apart, both smiling now, “I’m so proud of you, of us, I love you.”

“I love you too,” George replies, tucking his head into Dream’s neck, “now go finish what you started and out us properly.”

End Notes

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